

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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"OUR CHAPEL."

A SKETCH.

OUR Chapel—our Christian brethren of the Established Church do not understand, and cannot be brought to understand, what we, Dissenters, mean by the pronoun as here employed. When they use it in connection with the place of worship they attend, it means, as a rule, the church which mere accident has made them, and is theirs in a very loose sort of fashion. But with us Dissenters it means what it stands for, a real, actual, personal possession. Thus, the chapel is ours by choice; we have tried other chapels, and this is what we have chosen. It is ours again as having a sort of interest in the very bricks and mortar; for if we did not assist to build we have certainly assisted to keep in repair. It is ours, moreover, as to its use and disposal; *we* are the Church, and it follows our behests as to the use that is made of it. Higher still—it is ours as giving us a place and an interest in certain moral and social affections and sympathies, which therein find a home, a centre, a sphere of activity, a stimulus. By virtue of this relationship my neighbour in the next pew is something more than neighbour to me in the conventional, careless sense; he is neighbour in the real sense, and I am the same to him. Thus, if either of us goes wrong, the other is sorry; if he falls into trouble, the other visits and comforts him; if he fails to attend the chapel regularly, the other looks him up; if he falls into heresy, the other seeks to set him right, and if he is obstinate takes further steps. A whole network of interests holds us to our place of worship. So, when we speak of this chapel, we say *our* chapel. We repeat the term with pride and affection. We do not soon tire of repeating it; and to our

latest days the chapel remains impressed upon our memory and heart as *our* chapel. Our brethren of the National Church, as I have said, do not understand what a depth of meaning lies in the word as we use it.

The chapel, however, that I have now in view is one particular chapel; is, in one word *our* chapel—using the word as relating to my own family in days long gone by. But let me promise that most of the incidents to which I shall have to refer took place long before my own birth, and in none of the scenes which I may have to recal was I more than a silent observer.

Time was, of course, when this chapel of ours had no existence, except in the minds and hearts of a few who looked forward to it as a worthy end of their labours—or rather, as a means to a higher end. These few did something more than pray and long—they worked hard. They began by establishing a Sunday-school in the neighbourhood, which was held in the house of an old maiden lady, who must have braved no small amount of ridicule in that church-going neighbourhood for allowing the use of her room for such a purpose. And in this same room occasionally preaching services were also held. Well, this was at any rate a beginning; and this beginning, as my own eyes can testify, was duly commemorated in the church-book as "the introduction of the gospel into the village." But were not these, you say, strong terms to use? Was it a heathen village, that the establishment of a Sunday-school, &c., should be celebrated as the introduction of the gospel into it? But, on the other hand, was it not a heathen village? There was, it is true, the parish church, but what sort of preaching went on there? Why, nothing but preaching of the purest legal type, which,

as every one knows, is not the gospel at all or any part of it. Clearly, then, it *was* the first introduction of the gospel into the village. Anyhow, we—that is, my forefathers and the rest—had quite made up our minds upon the subject, and here duly recorded the fact.

Whether we—that is, my forefathers and the rest—succeeded in bringing together a large number of children for instruction, or a large number of villagers to attend our preaching, I know not; but even if we had succeeded, this was not, must not, could not be the end of our labours. The villagers were not to be largely reached in this kind of way; and what we wanted, therefore, was a chapel—a chapel of our own—to be and remain for all the village a visible emblem of the existence of gospel light and privileges in its midst, and in which the gospel could be fully and regularly preached. And at last we got one, not too big, for that would not have suited our pockets; and not too showy, for that would have savoured of popery; and how the foundation stone was laid by one of the best known and most eccentric of ministers, amidst great rejoicing, is yet told in the neighbourhood by the tongue of tradition. But, small as was the chapel, it was, I fear, for many years, far too big for our wants. The gospel was faithfully and regularly dispensed, but the villagers in any large number would not attend. At length some of us began to suspect that the fault must lie with the gospel trumpets. All the week long these gospel trumpets, as such, were laid aside, and in this way probably got out of tune, not to say that, in all likelihood, they had never been intended for gospel trumpets at all. What we clearly wanted then was a brand new instrument, made at the college factory, and made for the express purpose; and this at length we got. And here my own personal recollections step in and enable me to follow the thread of my narrative. I have some faint recollections of the older gospel trumpets, such as they were, and can only say I was not much taken with them; and even yet rather bitterly recal my sensations in the cold, empty chapel, listening to them. But now, as I have just said, we had got a new one, made for the express purpose, and which was all our own; and it was my good fortune to

have been present at the first blowing of the instrument. Unluckily, however, it did not please me much better than the former ones. It came duly warranted from the college factory, yet its tones did not satisfy me. But then it was our own instrument—our very own; and soon, by the manner in which we began to talk about it, the fame of its notes spread far and wide. And here let me retrace my steps a little. It was before the days of doctrinal discussion and disturbance, but we had had already one disturbance of the kind. There was one of our very small number who had the hardihood to declare himself an unwashed; who was impious enough to say he believed in the final salvation of all men! Now, I was far too young at the time to know what all this was about; but I well recollect grave discussions amongst the elders, and grave shakings of the head, and how that it was generally understood that the unhappy man was in a very desperate way; and, probably, we should have felt it to be our painful duty to formally expel him if he had not just then taken it into his head to expel himself. But, as I have said, our new instrument soon began to be talked about far and near. The chapel began to fill, and speedily the cause attained proportions such as the most sanguine of its early friends could hardly have hoped to see. And *thus* at length were fulfilled the prayers and longings of the first introducers of the gospel into the village. We had a chapel we could fairly call our own, and that well filled. This chapel we had had repaired, cleaned, painted, and afterwards enlarged. We had succeeded in getting an organ, not too loud in its tones, so as not to drown the voices of the choir. We had established a day-school; indeed, most of the stock congregational institutions had gained footing amongst us; and from the days when the tide first fairly begun to flow down to the present time, as far as I know, the prosperity of the cause has suffered no diminution. But it is of the early, not the later, days of its prosperity which I have in view in my present sketch—those days of the chapel's history covering just those years in my own personal history when I began to be a little more observant for myself; those years, namely, when I was passing from boyhood to early manhood, when I ceased

finally to attend the chapel. But these observations of mine, as I have already hinted, were all made at a distance, for I may as well own I had become even at this time rather shaky in my orthodoxy, and this alone, even if my youth had not prevented, would have been quite enough to exclude me from the innermost circle of congregational activity. Indeed, I think I should have wandered away to other pastures but for these reasons:—Firstly, this was the chapel of my childhood; secondly, it was the chapel of my parents; and, thirdly, it was the chapel of my companions and friends. At least, these sentimental reasons would probably have weighed with me, but for another reason, which was stronger than them all, and included all—viz., my venerated father's strong grip was upon me, and I did not dare go elsewhere. But if I now return again to those early days of the chapel's prosperity it is not with a view of taking you onward step by step over the interval, but only to reproduce if I can certain features upon which the light falls most strongly out of the picture of those times as it forms itself to my memory.

And, first, our minister—the bran new instrument I just now spoke about—demands notice. Although he was without originality or cleverness, scholarship or eloquence, yet it was conceded on all sides that he was capable of saying a smart thing now and then. Thus he was once reading from his lesson these words—“And they were all assembled before God”—when, being disturbed, I suppose, by people coming in late, he stopped short and said:—“My brethren, they didn't come dropping in one after another, as the people of this congregation are in the habit of doing, but they were all *there* assembled before God.” At another time, being annoyed by the ring and clang of some women's pattens along the aisle after the service was begun, he took occasion to say that it appeared to him that some people must make a practice of leaving discretion at the bottom of their yards—I suppose he meant as far off as possible—when they came to chapel, or they would never think of coming into the house of God making such a clatter as that. Upon another occasion he surprised his hearers by some such outbursts as this—“It's astonishing how liberal some people

are in the matter of sermons! They will listen to a sermon just for all the world as if they were intending to put it to the use intended—viz., a good *personal* account; but only wait till they get outside the chapel doors, when you will find them giving out a slice to this person and a bit to that, till they haven't even so much as a bone left for their own share.” Our minister, moreover, was a very plain speaker at times. Only let the people get behind with their pew rents, and how he would fire into them about their duty to support the ministry of the word! I recollect a funeral sermon that he once preached and published, in which the deceased man's liberality and punctuality were singled out for special commendation, and done in such a way as that none could mistake the intended application. But let me do justice to our minister, too; if he grasped rather greedily, he distributed liberally.

But I must pass on to the glorious tea-meetings we used to have from time to time. They were something like tea-meetings; for our minister, his robes of office off, was of a very sociable turn, enjoying a joke as well as anyone; and as he used to oblige all the ministers round by attending their tea-meetings, so they, in return, used to come to his, and, upon his leading off, there was no end to the jokes with which we used to be flooded on such occasions.

But not only did flowing eloquence honour us with its presence on such occasions, poetry condescended to bear it company; for at each annual meeting, at least, we used to have a poetical recitation from one of our members, which properly leads me to mention next that we could boast of having a live poet in our midst, whom we duly honoured as bringing us within the circle of the fine arts themselves, and as placing our feet upon Parnassus' own sacred steep. And this poet of ours was not like Tennyson and others, who can only write upon one class of subjects; for there was not a birth, or marriage, or death amongst our number, but he was ready with a poetical contribution; and at our annual meetings he was always present with a string of verses to celebrate our achievements of the previous year. Poor man! his work (shoe-making and poetry) is new done, but his

memory as a true-hearted and worthy man will ever be fragrant with those who knew him.

One further glimpse of those times and I have done. We were great sticklers for orthodoxy. We had once, as I have said, been near upon expelling a Universalist. No one, indeed, could well be more tenacious about such matters than we were. I recollect a sermon that was preached by a man well known in the neighbourhood, and whose orthodoxy no one had ever dreamt of impeaching; a man, as I well remember, whose preaching and talk were full of original, quaint, racy remarks, and whom I, at least, was always glad to see ascend the pulpit stairs. Well, in this sermon he found occasion to relate an anecdote of a man whose heart was sore within him by reason of some great personal grief, from which he had in vain sought release or relief by the approved methods. But one morning, while this heavy burden was still pressing heavily upon him, he took a walk into the still, quiet country, and there, as the preacher described it, *God* met him—met him in the glancing sunbeams, the radiant landscape, the singing of the birds, the gay bloom of the flowers, the perfect peacefulness and stillness which reigned around; and the sweet beauty and gladness of the scene stole into his heart, and, before he was himself aware of it, lifted off the heavy burden, changing his notes of complaint into a song of praise. He went forth, the preacher said, to brood over his trouble; he found himself after a while, to his own infinite astonishment, praising God! Well, I, in my youthful simplicity, thought this very fine and touching; but not so. One of the elders, whose summary verdict upon the discourse, very magisterially and superciliously delivered, was,—“All cold moonshine: no Christ there—no cross—no Gospel.” Good, worthy man!—I don’t mean the elder, by the bye; him, I executed judgment upon in my own mind on the spot. I deposed him from his high office; I tore off his robes; I expelled him from the sanctuary; not him, but the preacher, I mean. Good, worthy man—I was going on to say; it was not without a very thrill of pleasure that I saw, only a day or two since, his name in a public journal as still living, and able to preside at a congregational

tea-meeting, at which, I’ll answer for it, he was the youngest-hearted person present.

It brought to my mind one notable thing at least of his doing. A lot of poor German emigrants had been cast for a while upon the spot where he resided, and where he still resides; and the noble-hearted man, even then in years, as it appeared to my youthful vision, actually set himself to learn German, in order to be able to preach and talk to them in their own language. A good man was he, although fond of his joke and fond of his pipe—a good, single-minded, simple-hearted man, and humble as good; and I feel confident, of all people in the world, he would be the most surprised at hearing that there was one, of whom he himself could have no remembrance, who, in this distant neighbourhood, and after this lapse of years, still felt a pleasure in speaking of him and recalling his words to mind.

Falls now the curtain upon the scene which I have tried to depict, yet rises again to my lingering look, to disclose a form always present and often conspicuous; one who, with a strongly-marked individuality of his own, yet bore himself so as to command the esteem of all who knew him—the form of my ever-to-be-honoured and venerated father. And once more the curtain rises to disclose a form, less conspicuous indeed, but, to my eye, filling the whole circle of vision with the beam of her loving and kindly look—the form of my beloved mother!

And now to complete the history of “Our Chapel.” If you had known the spot in your early years as I did, and could return to it now, as I have lately done, you would see changes, some sad, others not so sad. You would find the minister of the chapel gone, his work at the chapel and life’s labour itself over; you would find the chapel discarded, but only for a new and handsome edifice not many yards distant, which is as well filled as the old one, although twice the size; you would find a new minister who alike enjoys and deserves the full love and confidence of his people; and you would see almost a new congregation, scarcely any of the old members being left, but chief amongst these you would see one whom I recollect from my childhood, looking almost as young as ever, holding his place as leader of the singing.

I have now finished this veritable sketch—for it is veritable—of “Our Chapel.” I trust you have neither suspected nor detected any ill-nature in my sketch, for assuredly there ought to be none, if I have been at all true to the feelings which dictated it. If I have occasionally indulged in a quiet laugh at what has seemed to me weakness or folly, I beg you to believe it was only such a laugh as we are all accustomed to have at times at the follies even of our best friends, which always, as you know, leaves a large margin for respect and affection. I trust, too, I have said nothing to leave an impression upon your minds that I do not honour the movement the course of which I have endeavoured to trace. I honour the projectors of it. I honour the early workers in it, who laboured for long years under infinite discouragement. I honour those who entered into their labours, raising the cause from obscurity into prominence, from adversity to prosperity, and who have maintained it at that high level. For anything I have ever heard to the contrary, they were, one and all, men of high aims, earnest character, and sincerely desirous of being useful to their fellow men. And this I am sure of, that the setting up and establishing this cause has been like the opening up of a very fountain of healthful water in that neglected locality. I hold, indeed, that the preaching at the chapel in those early days which I have sought to bring before you sadly lacked breadth, mellowness, *humaneness*, so to speak; but I know, at the same time, that the people attended and listened, and for anything I know to the contrary, the sort of sensational preaching which they heard was best suited to them, just as it is still found to lay hold of some minds and hearts as nothing else does. And that it *was* a distinct influence for good upon them, I feel assured; for I can recal amongst their number not a few lives of such sterling excellence and beauty as I have never seen exceeded. And why should *not* this be so? For I hold that there is that about every form of the religion of Christ, when sincerely professed, which takes a man out of self, fills his mind and heart with great ideas, lofty sentiments, and noble aims, making life serious for him, and duty sacred, and transforming him into an altogether higher being in whatever sphere he may be placed. J. S.

CHRISTENING AND EXORCISM.

(A TRUE STORY.)

AFTER a recent baptism in a Unitarian chapel in England, the nurse, highly experienced and conventionally orthodox, expressed a regret that the child had not cried during the ceremony, as a cry would have been a sign that the devil was gone out of him. The minister (who rather prides himself on the fact that children seldom cry under his handling) observed that it was yet more satisfactory to think that there had been no devil in the boy to go out, and it was suggested to the nurse to take his good behaviour as a sign to that effect. Truly superstition lingers long. In the ancient Church it was the custom to *exorcise* the baptised persons (from about the fourth century downwards), and in the first Liturgy of Edward VI. the following form occurred:—

“Then let the priest, looking upon the children, say: I command thee, unclean spirit, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, that thou come out and depart from these infants, whom our Lord Jesus Christ hath vouchsafed to call to his holy baptism, to be made members of his body and of his holy congregation. Therefore, thou cursed spirit, remember thy sentence, remember thy judgment, remember the day to be at hand wherein thou shalt burn in fire everlasting prepared for thee and thy angels. And presume not hereafter to exercise any tyranny towards these infants, whom Christ has bought with his precious blood, and by his holy baptism calleth to be of his flock.”

Bucer's remonstrances seem to have banished this absurdity from the revised Liturgy in the 5th and 6th of King Edward. But nurses think they know better than Bucer or Luther, or even their own Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE END OF EVIL.

GIVE evil but an end—and all is clear!

Make it eternal—all things are obscured!

And all that we have thought, felt, wept, endured.

Worthless. We feel that even if our own tear
Were wiped away for ever, no true cheer

Could to our yearning bosoms be secured

While we believed that sorrow clung uncured
To any being that we on earth held dear.

Oh! much doth life the sweet solution want

Of all made blest in far futurity!

Heaven needs it too! C. H. TOWNSEND.

THE UNITARIAN POPULATION OF THE WORLD.

WE were recently questioned as to the Christian Unitarian population of the world, that is, the numerical strength of those Christian sects which are disbelievers in the doctrine of the Trinity; and in their worship offer prayer to God the Father only as directed by the teaching and example of Jesus Christ: "The true worshippers shall worship the Father." We have no difficulty in defining a Unitarian—he believes in one God only. But there is some difficulty in determining the number of such Christian people, for they go at least under ten different names. In America there is a sect called "*The Christians*," numbering 300,000 members, all Unitarians. So it may be said of the Hicksites and of the Universalists, who have a membership together of nearly 200,000; these are all Unitarians. Then there are in addition several churches in America of no one name; with the Unitarian denomination of 320 churches, have a population of nearly 100,000. Thus on the western continent we have in reality a church membership of over half a million; and supposing there is an average of one child to each adult, we have in America a population of over one million of Unitarians. In Great Britain and Ireland we cannot put down more than a population of 150,000 persons who may be justly spoken of as Unitarian, though we know the churches are full of unavowed Unitarians, who are one with us in religious sentiment, but through "fear of the folk" dare not attend our meetings or bear our name. It was a Conservative paper (*The Press*, in 1858) that said, "Those who are practically Unitarians constitute a large class; perhaps if we take Unitarianism in the extended sense, it is among the most influential creeds of the day."

... all those who have no formal creed, and are bewildered by the divisions among theologians, yet retain a strong sense of moral order, and a strong belief in God's righteous government; all these are practically Unitarians, and we suspect that among good men at the present day this class might be found to outnumber the more advanced Christians." We do not count these in the answer we are now attempting to give. The Protestants of France, number 1,300,000, and are divided into "liberals"

and "orthodox." The orthodox have sixty-one representatives to the liberal forty-five at the present synod. The liberals contend that they represent the larger numbers. M. Coquerel said so here in May; and we see the same thing is said now in Paris. May we not suppose that at least 500,000 of the Protestants are liberals, and the only theology and worship known among them is Unitarian? In Switzerland and Italy we have only a very few people clearly identified with our form of religious thought and life. In Holland we have vast numbers. Mr. Spurgeon discovered this by his late visit; and an orthodox preacher from Holland said that more than three-fourths of the Protestants were now Socinian. There are two millions who belong to the "Reformed Church" of Holland, and it is estimated that one million and a-half of these are Unitarian in faith. Germany offers a wide field for speculation. There is no Unitarian sect, but of the whole Protestant population of Germany a full fourth of them are identified with Unitarian theological teaching and belief. Indeed, the close friendship between the Protestant Association of Germany and the British and Foreign Unitarian Association proves an affinity of theology it would be vain for any one to deny. In Bavaria the Statesmen's Year-book names the Unitarians as 325,077. We cannot tell how this information is got, but we may safely infer that there are three millions of Unitarians in the German Empire. In Austria and Hungary there are 50,000 Unitarians called by the name, and about other 50,000 not known by the name, but Unitarian in fact. We know little or nothing of Unitarian theology in other parts of the world, but we have some data for concluding that there are about five millions of people attending Unitarian Christian worship and instruction in the world. And if we look beyond the pale of Christendom among other religious sects, the Jews, the Mussulmans, and the religious reformers of India and China, we are greatly encouraged by knowing that the idea of God and the worship of the Supreme is purely Unitarian among at least thirty millions of other people. We attach little importance to counting heads. We are but a small number of people; yet we feel the future is ours. Many other Churches live on

what they have been, their day is declining ; both the Roman and the English Church speak of what is behind them. We feel the golden days are before us, only the first rays of the morning have as yet broken upon us, and the whole of the great future is to belong to the Church that has but one God to reverence and obey ; and that closely allies itself with the spirit and worship of the Saviour of the world.

SPREAD THE GLAD TIDINGS.

THE importance of every Unitarian doing his utmost to spread the good news of religious truth is ever being brought under our notice. We can all do more to make the world a happier and a better world with the simple faith God has given than if we possessed ever so much wealth to distribute. The following words have been sent us, and are only a tithe of the results of sending about our books and tracts.

"Your offer of books and pamphlets I do appreciate vastly. I can assure you it is a source of great happiness to me to feel that (as a Christian) my hope is on a firmer basis, or, in other words, that I have, as it were, discovered a system which satisfies the cravings of my spiritual nature—by clearing the mind, and the beautiful sunlight of truth dispelling the darkness, and making plain the great and glorious truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which I see in a new and more beautiful aspect—one that gladdens the heart, and encourages us to look with confidence to our Heavenly Father.

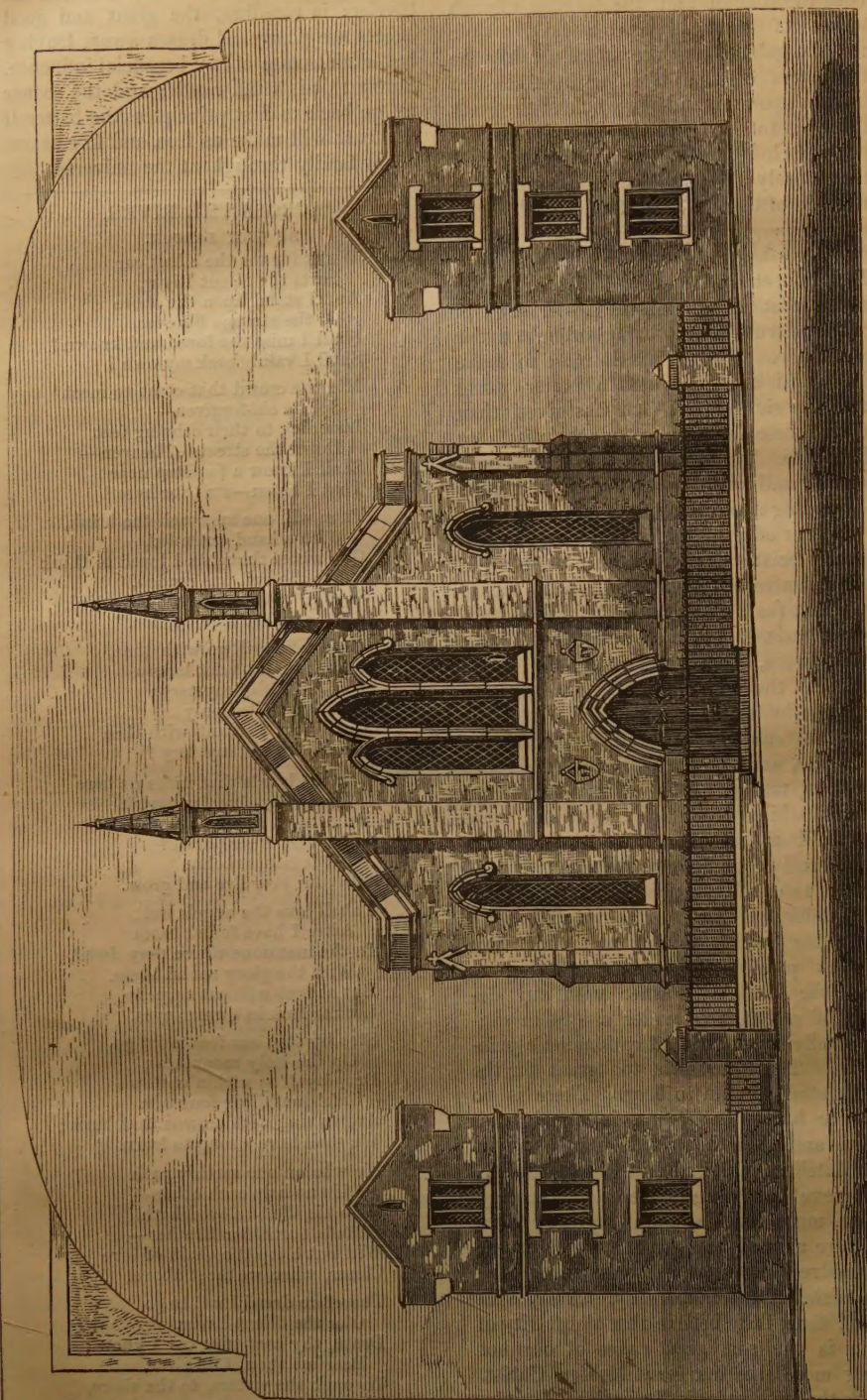
"Before I became acquainted with Unitarian theology I used to wonder how it was possible for a human being to serve the Almighty Father with any degree of satisfaction under a system diametrically opposed to all rationalistic principles. The burden is too great for the frail nature of man to bear. There is no wonder humanity groans, is utterly cast down, and often dies in despair—many a fine intellect impaired and lost to society. I believe the false systems of theology make more lunatics than anything else; they are at variance with the whole course of nature, and more likely to draw men into disbelief and immorality. Away with them! for I fully believe that the falsity of them is the sole great cause of our not being more like our great Master, Christ. Mark the progress of reformation: like the

waves of the mighty ocean, it breaks the barrier; in receding, the great and good effects are nearly all drawn away, leaving but a faint trace of any beneficial influence. Surely this is a sad result; and the sooner we go back to first principles the better if the truth will make us free, and live as one happy family throughout the universe.

ACROSS THE RIVER.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

WHEN for me the silent oar
Parts the Silent River,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange Forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known ?
Shall I vainly seek my own ?
Mid the crowd that come to meet
Spirits sin-forgiven—
Listening to their echoing feet
Down the streets of heaven—
Shall I know a footstep near
That I listen—wait for here ?
Then will one approach the brink,
With a hand extended,
One whose thoughts I loved to think
Ere the veil was rended,
Saying, "Welcome ! we have died,
And again are side by side."
Saying, "I will go with thee,
That thou be not lonely,
To yon hills of mystery ;
I have waited only
Until now, to climb with thee
Yonder hills of mystery !"
Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away, like foliage sear,
At life's inner portal ?
What is holiest below
Must for ever live and grow.
I shall love the angels well,
After I have found them
In the mansions where they dwell,
With the glory round them.
But at first without surprise,
Let me look in human eyes.
Step by step our feet must go
Up the holy mountain ;
Drop by drop within us flow
Life's unfailing fountain.
Angels sing with crowns that burn ;
We shall have a song to learn.
He who on our earthly path
Bids us help each other—
Who his Well-beloved hath
Made our Elder Brother—
Will but clasp the chain of love
Closer, when we meet above.
Therefore dread I not to go
O'er the Silent River.
Death, thy hastening oar I know ;
Bear me thou, Life-giver,
Through the waters, to the shore,
Where mine own have gone before !



THE UNITARIAN CHAPEL AND SCHOOLS, NEW HALL HILL, BIRMINGHAM.

THE UNITARIAN CHAPEL, NEW HALL HILL, BIRMINGHAM.

How the savour of a good name, of a noble, persistent, and self-sacrificing soul scents for generations the locality where its virtues have been enshrined! Dr. Priestley and Birmingham seem always associated in a Unitarian mind; and though three generations have passed away since that good man lived and laboured there, the memorials of his life are fresh as ever. We are told that it was the remembrance of his zeal for education and pure religion which led a band of active teachers and zealous Christian men and women to lay the foundation of this church, nearly forty years ago. On that occasion one of the speakers referred to the fact that he had been "a catechumen of the venerable Priestley, and that he should ever remain grateful for the feelings and sentiments of religion he had imbibed under that excellent man." At the same time the friends of this movement were presented with £1000 by a Mr. Thomas Gibson (a former member of Dr. Priestley's congregation), to aid them in erecting the building. He said he thought that there was no institution that he could give to where his money would be applied to better purposes, and that he felt he was putting £1000 out at compound interest, for the pupils in the schools would be trained up to become teachers, and the benefits would go from one generation to another. The chapel was opened in July, 1840, by the Rev. George Harris. Since that time the services have been conducted by zealous and pious laymen. The congregation is indebted for the continuance of the services chiefly to Mr. John Green, who has been occasionally aided by his brother, Mr. M. Green, who have both voluntarily given of their time and means since the founding of the church in 1834, and removed to the new building in 1840. The style adopted for the edifice was that which prevailed about the twelfth century, and is flanked on each side with buildings for day and Sunday schools. It is capable of seating 1000 persons, including the galleries. In addition there is school accommodation for 1000 children. On the last anniversary, 1872, the building was filled with the children, their parents, and friends, who all take a most lively interest in the efficiency and perpetuation of this Unitarian Society.

THE SCANDINAVIANS AND THEIR RELIGION.

As we are the descendants of that ancient people who dwelt in the north-west part of Europe; a people brave and fond of war, self-reliant and respecting, with a great love of truth and justice, a profound reverence for woman and personal purity, an independent and liberty-loving people; we propose in the present sketch to give some account of them and their religion. Interesting must their history always be to us. Not a little have we inherited from them, marked are we with some of their virtues, and scarred with some of their vices to this very day. The religious ideas and feelings which were among them, and the national features which stamped them fifteen hundred years ago or more, and which have developed into a system of government and life, here and in America, are worthy of some attention. They had the notice of Roman writers and generals 1900 years ago, who spoke of them as big men, with fine physical proportions, fierce and warlike, most difficult to conquer, for they never knew when they were beaten, and were willing to do battle with double their number at any time. They said they would never fly before three times their number. The conflicts they had with the severity of their climate and stormy north seas developed and stimulated a strength and mental activity different to other nations. It would be a long story to tell how they overran all the southern nations, and sailed their pirate skiffs into every bay and river of Europe. It is said they visited America one hundred years before the time of Columbus. They met the armies of Rome, in Rome's palmyest days, and won great victories. They defeated the Moors in Spain. So fond were they of a fair fight, that if they met at sea a smaller fleet than their own, they handed over to the enemy as many of their ships as would make them equal, and then to battle they went to win a hard fought victory.

There are many things in our national life, and our instincts and passions, can be best explained by a reference to our ancestors. Not a few of our words and customs come as heirlooms from them. The reverence for woman among us we inherit from them. They were a chaste people. Their young men were not permitted to

marry too soon. They felt that the life and endurance of their people depended on personal purity. Woman was regarded as the equal of man, and the marriage relationship was the most sacred of all. They were generally blessed with large families. Every man was the husband of one wife. And their descendants to this day in Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Great Britain, and America—show the same honour for women. Our trial by jury had its origin among those fierce men with a sense of justice. An English Parliament, too, resembles their assemblies. The names of four days of our week, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, are called after their gods. The term we sometimes use for the Devil, "Old Nick," we have from them.

They were fond of drinking, and our custom of drinking healths was theirs. They were accustomed to drink to the health of their gods; and after their conversion to Christianity they still continued the practise, with a slight change, to Jesus, and to all the Apostles. Our Christmas festival, or "Yule Feast," we have from this heathen source converted into a Christian holiday. The Yule Feast time was kept up amongst them with much eating and drinking, nightly assemblies, wild demonstrations, and dissolute joy.

They were a self-reliant people, depending on their own efforts. "I am neither Christian nor Pagan," said Olaf, the warrior, "my companions and I have no other religion than confidence in our own strength." And another of their leaders said, "I would have them know that I believe in neither idols nor spirits, but only in my own force and courage." These are specimens of the trust they put in their own brawny arms and their indomitable will. And they were a liberty-loving people. Montesquieu says, "The great prerogative of Scandinavia is that it afforded the great resource to the liberty of Europe, that is, to almost all of liberty there is among men. The Goth, *Jornandes*, calls the North of Europe the forge of mankind. I would rather call it the forge of those instruments which broke the fetters manufactured in the south." They often carried this spirit of independence in a way not wise. Tacitus says they ran into extremes in their ideas of freedom, and jeopardised all order. If a time was agreed

on for a public meeting, they would not mind the time to show that they were not the servants of times and seasons.

One of the most instructive sources of information about a people's religion is the sacred book or books of the people. Here unfortunately we can learn little, for they may be said to have been without a sacred literature.* They differ from almost every other nation in this respect. And yet no great people can be without something that represents the sacred thought of the nation. Everywhere above the mere savage and sheer animal form of life there are floating in society myths, tales, legends, traditions, dreams, visions, revelations, moral experiences, historic facts, the story of great deeds, and of some angels' visits, and foreshadowings of a hereafter. The people of Scandinavia were not without those tales and experiences. These were collected as well as they could be about eight hundred years ago, and are called the "Eddas of Scandinavia." The meaning of the word Edda is great grandmother's tales, no doubt a very proper and natural name. When there was no writing among the people, an old mother or grandmother would tell them over on a winter's night the things we find in the Eddas. Here you have the curious particulars of the theology, philosophy, manners, and modes of thought of the northern nations. Mallet says, as we have them now they were something like courses of lectures delivered to those who centuries ago were ambitious of being the poets of Iceland, and they hint at still more ancient records. Some parts of this wonderful collection profess to be revelations of the Father of Nations and the actions and operations of the gods. Some parts are like our Book of Proverbs. The Eddas teach the doctrine of the Supreme, called the Universal Father, and of Odin who lives for ever, governs all his kingdom, and directs the great things as well as the small; who formed the heavens, the earth, and the air; made man, and gave him a spirit that would live after the body had moulded away. Then all the just would live with him in a place called Kin-

* See Mallet's "Northern Antiquities," Burder's "Rites and Ceremonies," Alger's "History of the Doctrine of Immortality," Clarke's "Ten Religions," Howard's "Literature of North Europe."

golf, the palace of friendship. But the wicked should go to Hela, or death, and thence to a deeper chamber nine stories down. The Eddas teach that there is a great bad spirit Loki, the father of lies and slanders, who surpasses all other spirits in perfidy. Some scholars have suggested that parts of the Edda may have possibly been compiled from the Old Testament, and refer to a description of creation, the first chapter of Genesis in poetic form:

"'Twas time's first dawn,
When nought yet was,
Nor sand, nor sea,
Nor cooling wave.
Earth was not there,
Nor heaven above;
Nought save a void
And yawning gulf;
But verdure none."

We must leave our remarks on the theology of those intrepid northmen and some other points of their religion to a future number, concluding the present article with some of the Scandinavian moral and religious sentiments which have been collected:

- (1) Give of your best to the gods.
- (2) A brave man fears not to die.
- (3) Shame to strike a woman.
- (4) Love both your friend and your friend's friend.
- (5) Carefully consider the end before you do anything.
- (6) A man cannot carry a worse custom than that of drinking too much.
- (7) He has the happiest life who knows well what he knows.
- (8) A man can carry with him no better provision for his journey than the strength of understanding.
- (9) The heart alone knows what passes within the heart: and that which betrays the soul is the soul itself.
- (10) One's own home is the best home, though never so small. Everything one eats at home is sweet.
- (11) Riches pass away like the twinkling of an eye. Of all friends they are the most inconstant.
- (12) Where is there to be found a virtuous man without some failing, or one so wicked as to have no good?
- (13) Whilst we live let us live well: for be a man ever so rich, when he lights his fire, death may perhaps enter his door before it be burnt out.

THE FOUNT OF JUSTICE.

BY A LATE CHAPLAIN OF THE POPE.

"There is one Father, even God, and all ye are brethren."

PERHAPS the highest ideal which humanity can form of the Great Creator is that on which the Unitarian so much dwells, of an All-wise, All-powerful, and All-loving Father. This grand and beautiful conception of the Infinite Spirit, derived as it is from one of the strongest and most holy affections of our nature, would, if deeply felt and practically carried out, harmonise the human family, and heal many of the wounds which ignorance, passion, and prejudice in the service of their ideal, "the stern inexorable judge," have so largely contributed to inflict. *The Great God is our loving Father.* Do you not see how this leads on to the idea of the progress and unity of the human family, and that legislators, acting upon this idea, would apply equal justice with benevolence and impartiality to all, so that by degrees each one would learn to respect the opinions of the other, especially in matters of religious belief.

Great is the need of this mutual respect. After the experience and observation of a long life, I must, with sorrow, bear my testimony to the fact, that even the people of civilised Europe, to whatever religious sect they may belong, were, and are still, really terrible in their religious controversies, and that they often, on account of some slight difference of opinion upon a favourite dogma, look askance and coldly at one another, readily hear and repeat calumnies against the "heterodox brother," thus doing him serious injury, whilst he in his turn does the same towards the brother equally heterodox to him. For the word is merely relative in its application. It is "everybody else's doxy," whilst mine is "orthodoxy."

In fact Christendom has been bathed in blood in the name of religion. Oh! how many young men have allowed themselves to be led as lambs to the slaughter, because they were fanatical, superstitious, and ignorant—because not educated in the mutual respect due by each one of us to the ideas and opinions of the other. If this mutual respect had existed there would not have been those lamentable scenes of carnage and misery with which the pages of history are stained,—scenes

of desolation and of death, in which men, urged by a spirit of religious fanaticism, blindly murdered each other without any cause of ill-will, unconscious of the truth, that to see in the creature the image of God is "religion"—unconscious of the divine precept—"To love God and our fellow creatures." This divine precept leads us on to see in the human family the manifestation of God upon earth, and suggests that each member of that family has its rights and corresponding duties in society.

Society, then, comes to each of us saying, "That which thou dost not wish for thyself thou must not wish for another." As are thy rights so also are his, and clear as thine to thee are his to him. God sanctions each. From the mutual respect of these rights are derived corresponding duties, and the harmonisation of these rights and duties constitute the foundation of justice—constitute law, which is the constant will to give to each one that which is his due. We may rather doubt of human life than doubt that nature has given to each one equal rights, to which, consequently, correspond equal duties. Thus we have the idea of justice, which has taught us to think and to say that which you do not desire for yourself you must not wish for another; you are all equally under the same law, and transgressing it you offend God, who has given to you rights and duties in society to maintain and to observe, and every offence against this law tends to disturb the moral harmony of social life.

The right of defence is inseparable from the right of him who is attacked. Whoever has a right has also the right to defend it from any one who seeks to offend against or to destroy it. We Italians have a right to have Italy united and Rome for its capital. The imperial "Jamaica" and the papal *non possumus* do not constitute right, but are merely an appeal to that brute force which has for centuries oppressed humanity.

Nations as well as individuals are bound to defend their rights as those which come to them from society and from God himself, from whom the human family is derived.

God! yes, God manifests Himself to us in the "mighty powers which lie folded up in man!" and we, His children, were created in His image. What presumption, then, that a few should claim despotic

power in the name of God, and seek to keep men in order through fear. But when the intellectual faculties become more powerful, which the "god-in-man" awakes, this ignorant fear loses its power, and the "perfect love, which casteth out fear," commences its struggle against the despot. He in his turn surrounds himself by armed mercenaries, declaring it the will of God that he rule by brute force, and that his despotism is a divine right! The laws where the few govern exclude responsibility, whereas the laws of the many generally harmonise the rights and duties of all, render all responsible for their actions, and thus men are strengthened in their rights and their duties, and sincerely confide in the authority and in the sanctity of the laws which emanate from themselves, and which manifest and make known to all those just and honest rules which are best adapted to render men happy.

It is from such laws that the truest harmony may be expected amongst men; and, I repeat, the laws of the many lead to harmony, those of the few to tyranny.

This is proved by the records of history, always open to us, in which we see the despotic power, whether of king, emperor, or pope, afflicting the human family with odious oppression, and devastating it by fearful scenes of destruction and bloodshed. If, notwithstanding this, mankind has been able to progress, it has been mainly owing to the superhuman efforts of the apostles of liberty, who, in every time and in every country, have arisen courageously, with unshaken firmness, seeking to destroy the tyranny of despotism, and to propagate the harmonising power of law; of that law which, emanating from the free will of the people, is sanctioned by God himself, who, of his innate spontaneous love, endowed his creature man with intellectual moral faculties; and that because He loves his children, being God, all love. Therefore we are bound to correspond to God with a pure and sincere love; not forced by those fearful pains of hell, which are at every moment put before us by the doctrines of an ignorant priesthood. Neither ought we to love God for the glorious acquisition of Paradise, but we must love Him before all things and without any conditions of pain or reward; and we must to love Him as never to deviate from His

first holy and most gracious precepts; love God and your fellow creatures. The most exquisite of all exquisite pleasures is to be found in a free and full obedience to this divine precept.

Let us then, all of us, seek to enjoy so great a pleasure and happiness. Let us seek to unite ourselves even more and more, into one large family, and work constantly and with cheerful alacrity towards the advancement of human progress, seeking, each one of us, in our different spheres, to enlighten ignorance, to comfort affliction, and to promote by every means in our power the full and free development of all those different faculties with which we are severally endowed, and in the exercise of which, God, our Heavenly Father, has placed the happiness, which is at once His sanction and reward.

GUISEPPE CAMPANELLA.

WESLEY'S HYMN IMPROVED.

A Unitarian version of Mr. Wesley's hymn, in the third verse of which these lines occur:—

"Stretch out thy arm, Thou triune God—
The Unitarian fiend expel,
And chase his doctrine back to hell."
—See *Wesley's Collection of Hymns*, page 416.

Thou God of truth and righteousness,
Supremely great, and good, and wise;
The poor bewilder'd Christian bless,
That in a triune error lies;
Thy servants now less useful found,
In chains of orthodoxy bound.

The Athanasian errors have
Near all the Christian world o'erspread;
Thou heavenly light, shine forth and save
The erring souls, so much misled:
Whate'er the Arab chief hath done,
He taught this truth—that "God is One."

O may the Christian world now see
The path of error they have trod;
Assert thy glorious Unity,
Father! that Thou alone art God;
The Trinitarian thought expel;
Pagan in birth, and fraught with ill.

Come, Father, of the heavenly host,
One God through all eternity,
Resume thine own for ages lost,
Finish the dire apostacy;
The universal claim maintain,
That undivided Thou dost reign!

G. G. GILHAM.

WISDOM'S PRICE.—Wisdom is better than soup or coals or alms of any kind.

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—"A good spring never dries up in summer nor freezes up in winter. So with a good Sunday-school—it never stops running in hot weather or cold."

THE CAT'S PILGRIMAGE.

[Abridged from J. A. Froude, M.A.]

Contentment, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight,
Say, goddess, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face.

"It is all very fine," said the cat, yawning and stretching herself against the fender, "but I don't see the use of it."

She raised herself, and arranging her tail into a ring, seated herself in the middle of it, and looked pensively at the fire.

"I wonder what we are here for! I hear the men droning away, teaching their little ones every day, telling them to be good, and do what they are bid. Nobody ever tells me to do anything, and if they do I don't do it, and I am very good. I wonder whether I should be any better if I minded more! I'll ask the dog."

"Dog," said she to a little fat spaniel coiled up on a mat, "What do you make of it all?"

"Don't bother me," said the dog; "I stood ten minutes on my hind legs this morning before I could get my breakfast, and it has not agreed with me."

"But," said the cat, "do you feel improved, as the men call it? They tell their children that if they do what they are told they will improve, and grow good and great. Dog, do you feel good and great?"

"What do I know?" said the dog; "I eat my breakfast and am happy. Let me alone!"

"Do you never think, oh, dog without a soul? Do you never wonder what dogs are, and what this world is?"

The dog stretched himself and rolled his eyes lazily round the room. "I conceive," said he, "that the world is for dogs, and men and women are put into it to take care of dogs. And cats," he continued, "are to know their places, and not be troublesome."

"There may be truth in what you say," said the cat, calmly, "but I think your view is limited. If you listened as I do you would hear the men say it was all made for them, and that you and I were made to amuse them. They do, indeed. I hear many things that you lose by sleeping so much. They think I am asleep, and so they are not afraid to talk before me, but my ears are open when my eyes are shut."

"You are a very wise cat," said her companion, "but what is the good of knowing so much?"

"Why, don't you see," said she, "that living on in this way is a very unsatisfactory thing; and if there is nothing to be done except sleep and eat, and eat and sleep, as I said before, I don't see the use of it. There is something more in it than that, and I shan't be happy till I find it out. It's a shame; the men have been here only a few thousand years, and we—why, we have been here for hundreds of thousands! If we are older we ought to be wiser. I'll go and ask the creatures in the wood."

"You'll learn more from the men," said the dog.

"But they are so stupid, they don't know what I say, and so conceited they care for nothing except themselves. No, I shall try. I'd as soon go after poor Tom as stay living any longer like this."

"And where is poor Tom?" yawned the dog.

"That is just one of the things I want to know," said she.

"Poor Tom is lying under the yard, or the skin of him; but whether that is the whole I don't feel so sure. You won't take a trot with me?" she added wistfully.

"Who? I?" said the dog.

"You may get so wise," said she.

"Wisdom is good," said he, "but so is the hearthrug."

So the cat set off by herself to learn how to be happy. She went first to the meadow. A blackbird was piping away on a bush as if his heart was running over with happiness. The cat had breakfasted, so was able to listen without any mixture of feeling. The bird, seeing she had no bad purpose, sang on.

"Blackbird," said she, presently, "What ought one to do to be as happy as you are?" "Do your duty, cat." "But what is my duty?" "Take care of your little ones, cat." "I haven't any," said she. "Then sing to your mate." "Tom is dead," said she. "Poor cat," said the bird; "Then sing over his grave; if your song is sad you will find your heart grow lighter for it." Mercy! thought the cat. "You see, bird, it is not cats' nature. When I am cross I mew, when I am pleased I purr; but I can't purr myself into happiness."

"I am afraid there is something the matter with your heart, my cat; it wants warming. Good morning."

The bird flew away, and the cat looked sadly after him. "He thinks I am like him, and he does not know that a cat is a cat."

The ox lay placidly chewing, with content beaming out of his eyes and playing round his mouth. "Ox," said she, "What is the way to be happy?" "Do your duty," said the ox. "Duty again!" said the cat; "but what is it, ox?" "Get your dinner," said the ox. "It is got for me," said the cat, "and I have nothing to do but to eat it." "Well, eat it then like me." "So I do, and I am not happy for all that." "Then you are a wicked, ungrateful cat!"

The ox munched away, and a bee buzzed into a buttercup under the cat's nose. "I beg your pardon," said the cat; "what are you doing?" "Doing my duty, don't stop me, cat; I'm making honey." "I wish I could make honey," sighed the cat. "Do you mean to say you can't," said the bee; "how stupid you must be!"

So the cat set off to the owl in the wood. The bush was dark, but she knew him by his wonderful eye. "How wise he looks," said she; "what a brain! what a forehead! and what a depth of earnestness!" The owl sloped his head a little on one side; the cat slanted hers upon the other. The owl set it straight again; the cat did the same. At last the owl said, "What are you, who presume to look into my repose! Pass on, and carry elsewhere those prying eyes."

"Oh, wonderful owl," said the cat, "you are wise, and I want to be wise, and I'm come to you to teach me." A film floated backwards and forwards over the owl's eyes; it was his way of showing that he was pleased. "And what would you know, oh my daughter?" "Everything," said the cat; "but, first, how to be happy. I want to improve. I want something to do. I want to find what the creatures call my duty."

You would learn how to enjoy those happy hours of leisure, or rather make them happy by a worthy use. Meditate! O cat, meditate! That is the very thing," said she, "that I like above all things; only I want something to meditate about." "I will tell you," said the owl, "what I

have been thinking of ever since the moon changed. You shall take it home with you, and think about it too, and the next full moon you shall come again to me and we will compare our conclusions."

"Delightful!" said the cat. "What is it? I will try this minute."

"From the beginning," replied the owl, "our race have been considering which first existed—the owl or the egg. The owl comes from the egg, but likewise, the egg from the owl."

"Mercy!" said the cat. "From sunrise to sunset I ponder it, O cat. When I reflect on the beauty of the complete owl, I think that must have been first, as the cause is greater than the effect. When I remember my childhood, I incline the other way."

"But how are we to find out?" said the cat.

"Find out!" said the owl; "we can never find out. The beauty of the question is, that its solution is impossible. What would become of our reasonings, O unwise cat! if we were so unhappy as to know? It is in wonder that the owl is great."

"Then you don't know anything at all," said the cat. "What did you sit on Pallas' shoulder for? You must have been asleep."

"Your tone is ever flippant for philosophy, O cat. The highest of all knowledge is to know that we know nothing."

The cat made two great arches with her back, then stuck up her tail, and marched off with great dignity. But, though she respected herself rather more than before, she was not at the end of her difficulties.

It was a great day in the foxes' cave as the cat came by, and they asked her in to dinner. When the meal was over, "Fox," said she, "your family were always very clever." The fox bowed. "It is many years since your ancestor won the crow's dinner by superior intelligence. I want to know whether you are any wiser or better than foxes were then."

"Really," said the fox, "I don't know; I am what nature made me; I am proud of my ancestors, and try to keep up the credit of the family. What do the men say of me?"

"They do all honour to your abilities, fox; but your morality, they say, is not

high." "Morality!" said the fox. "But do you believe all that? Ask the sheep about it that are cut into mutton. There is but one law in the world—the weakest goes to the wall. You and I are on the lucky side; we eat and are not eaten; and I bless Nature for making me what I am."

"And are you happy?" "Happy! yes, of course; and so would you be, if you would do as I do, and use your faculties."

"Well," said the cat, "I am very much obliged to you; I shall not find a wiser friend than you are, or more good-natured in giving me so good a dinner."

Next morning the dog came down to breakfast, and found his old friend in her usual place. "How do you do?" said he. "You don't look as if you have had a very pleasant journey."

"I have learned something," said the cat, "and knowledge is never pleasant."

"Then better without it," said the dog.

"Especially better," said the cat, "without knowing how to stand on one's hind legs; and yet I see you are proud of it. But I see everybody likes what he was bred to. I was bred to nothing, and I must like that. Never seek for impossibilities, dog, that is the secret."

"And you have spent a day in the woods to learn that; why I could have taught you that!"

"I met many creatures," she went on, "of all sorts in the wood. They were all happy. They went about their work, and did it, and enjoyed it; though none had the same story to tell; each had the notion of doing its duty. Your work is standing on your toes, and you are happy. I have none, and so I am unhappy. And as for knowing! the fox, who did not care to know anything, was the cleverest fellow I came across. And the owl! oh, you should have heard the owl! In short, I came to this—that it was no use trying to know; and the only way to be happy was to go about one's own business."

INTERNAL EVIDENCE.

A man of subtle reasoning asked

A peasant if he knew

Where was the internal evidence

That proved the Bible true.

The terms of his disputative art

Had never reached his ear,

He laid his hand upon his heart,

And only answered, "here."

NOTICE.

The address of the Editor is, now, *Rev. Robert Spears, 73, Angell-road, Brixton, London.*

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

JESUS THE GREAT TEACHER OF LOVE.—What word does Jesus speak? The word Love. That is his contribution to the soul's vocabulary, Love. Love is the fulfilling of the law. Love God, love man, love the poor, the weak, the wicked. "Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven, for thou hast loved much," in his sentence on the sinful woman. He introduces love into the bosom of the Hebrew Jehovah, and the stern eye fills with tears that drop in summer showers on the thirsty ground, and light up with smiles that are sunbeams, gladdening alike the just and the unjust. He introduces love into the conception of immortality, and shows us the angels of little children always basking in the light of the Father's countenance. He introduces love into politics, and kings become ministers, and nobles servants. The neediest is lord. He introduces love into social relations, and all men are brothers, have everything in common, live in common, live in peace. He introduces love into the heart, and there are but two emotions there, gratitude and trust. He speaks, therefore, to the poor, the sick, the suffering. He promises felicity to the meek, the lowly, the patient, the long-suffering, the peaceful.—*Rev. O. B. Frothingham.*

TRUE AND FALSE LIBERALISM.—*Rev. H. W. Crosskey*, in a recent discourse, says well.—The great and central doctrine of our liberality may be caricatured and become a defence of unfaithfulness. We assuredly teach that Catholic, Unitarian, Mahometan, Calvinist, Pagan, Jew—yea, that all God's children will be redeemed if faithful to their light, and that the sceptic will be saved by faithfulness to his scepticism as the believer to his belief. The particular creed, it may therefore be urged, can be of little immediate consequence, and we need not trouble ourselves to support the interests of our own body with any special sacrifice. There is confusion of thought and feeling in this plea for negligence. We do not teach that a Mahometan will be redeemed by being unfaithful to his Mahometanism, or a Jew by being unfaithful to his Judaism; neither do we teach that it matters nothing to a Unitarian if he be unfaithful to his Unitarianism. It matters everything to every man that he should be absolutely faithful to that which is divinest to his own soul. To believe that a Pagan by faithfulness to his Paganism, a Jew by his faithfulness to his Judaism, a Calvinist by faithfulness to his Calvinism, shall find redemption, does not involve the belief that any man's unfaithfulness can be blessed by God. The condemnation rests upon whomsoever is unfaithful to his highest conviction of whatever creed. It is of great concern, therefore, to a Unitarian that he be personally true to his Unitarianism; and under no caricature of liberty can hide his own shortcomings, or excuse his own neglect.

FREDERICK THE GREAT said:—"As for my plan of not sparing myself, I confess it the same as before. The more one nurses one's self, the more feeble and delicate does the body become. My trade requires toil and activity, and both my body and mind must adapt themselves to their duty. It is not necessary that I should live, but it is necessary that I should act. I have always found myself the better for this method. However, I do not prescribe it for any one else, and am content to practice it myself."

TOUCHING.—A little newsboy attempting to jump from a train fell, and was fearfully mangled. As soon as he could speak he called piteously for his mother, and a messenger was sent at once to bring her to him. When she arrived she hung o'er the dying boy in an agony of grief. "Mother," he whispered, with a painful effort, "*I sold four newspapers—and—the money is in my pocket.*" With the hand of death upon his brow, the last thought of the suffering child was for the poor, hard-working mother, whose burdens he was striving to lighten when he lost his life.

CHRISTIANITY, objectively considered, is Christ himself—the mind, life, character and spirit of Christ. The best expression of it is in him, in his words and deeds; by the side of which every human creed and test of discipleship is but an impertinent intrusion. He then is the truest Christian. . . . who most closely and practically follows the Master in doing the Heavenly Father's will; who strives and prays to do this Divine will in Christ, so far as it is given to frail and tempted man to imitate so lofty an example to manifest so righteous and so holy a spirit.—*G. Vance Smith.*

THE CANTING RASCAL.—In the "Life and Letters of Miss Sedgwick" we find the following anecdote:—"My father used to tell with much gusto of Dr. Bellamy, that one of his parishioners, who was a notorious scamp, came to him saying, in the parlance of the divinity that pervaded this part at that period, 'I feel that I have obtained a hope' The doctor looked surprised. 'I realise that I am the chief of sinners,' continued the hypocritical canter. 'Your neighbours have been long of that opinion,' rejoined the doctor. The man went on to say out the lesson—'I feel that I am willing to be damned for the glory of God.' Well, my friend, I don't know any one who has the slightest objection."

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